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THE SLAVE MOTHER

HELP! Oh, help! thou God of Christians!
Save a mother from despair;
Cruel White men steal my children,
God of Christians! hear my prayer.

From my arms by force they're rended,
Sailors drag them to the sea;
Yonder ship at anchor riding,
Swift will carry them away.

There my son lies pale and bleeding;
Fast with cords his hands are bound;
See the tyrants how they scourge him;
See his sides a reeking wound.

See his little sister by him,
Quaking, trembling, how she lies;
Drops of blood her face besprinkle,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

Now they tear her brother from her;
Down below the deck he's thrown;
Stiff with beating, through fear silent,
Save a single, death-like GROAN:

CHRISTIANS, who's the **GOD** you worship?
Is he cruel, fierce or good?
Does he take delight in **MERCY**,
Or in **SPILLING** human blood?